

M^r Hen^r. Purcell's
Favourite Songs
out of his most celebrated
ORPHEUS BRITTANICUS
and the
rest of his Works
the whole
fairly Engraven and
carefully corrected

London Printed for & sold by In^o. Walsh Serv^t. to his Majesty at the
Harp & Hoboy in Catherine Street in the Strand: and In^o. & Joseph Hare
at the Viol & Flute in Cornhill near the Royal Exchange

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Otho	

(2)

*A Song sung by Mrs Aliff in the Play call'd Tyrannick -
Love or the Royall Martyre set by Mr Henry Purcell*

Ah! how sweet, Ah! how sweet, how sweet it is to Love; Ah! - Ah! - Ah! -

Ah! - how gay is young desire. And what pleasing

pains, and what pleasing pains we prove, when first, when first we feel a Lovers

fire. Pains of Love are sweeter far than all, all, all, all, all, all,

other pleasures are. Pains of Love are sweeter far, than all, all, all, all,

other pleasures are - - - - - sures are are

*Sigh's that are from Lovers blown,
Gentle move, and heave the heart,
Ev'n the tears they shed alone,
Like trickling balm cure the smart,
Lovers when they loose their breath,
Bleed away an easy death,*

Celia has a thousand Charms: Set by Mr Henry Purcell and Transposed for f Flute

Celia has a thousand, thousand, thou - Sand Charms, tis Heav'n, tis
Heav'n to live with in - her Arms, while I stand gazing on her Face, some new, & some resistless
grace fills with fresh magick all - the place, while I stand gazing on her Face, some new & some
resistless grace fills with fresh magick all - f place:
But while the Nymph I thus a - dore. But while the Nymph I thus I thus a -
dore, I should my wretched, wretched, wretched Fate deplore for Oh Mirtallo, oh Mirtallo, have a
care, have a care, her Sweetness is a-bove compare but then, she's false, she's false but then she's
false, she's false as well as fair, have a care, have a care, have a care Mirtallo, have a care, Mir-
tallo have a care, have a care, have a care have a care.

For f Flute

For f Flute

A SONG Sung before the late Queen Sett by ⁽⁴⁾ M^r Henry Purcell

Celebrate this Festival, Celebrate this Festival, Ce... lebrate this
Festival. 'Tis Sacred bid the Trum... pets cease, 'tis Sacred bid the
Trum... pet cease. Kindly treat Maria's Day, and your Homage will repay.
Bequeathing Blessings on our Isle, the tedious Minutes to beguile till Conquest, till Conquest,
till Conquest to Maria's Arms restore, Peace and her Hero, Peace and her Hero to depart,
no more, no, no more, no, no more, no, no more, Peace and her Hero, Peace and her
Hero to depart, no more no, no more no, no more.

For the Flute.

Dear pretty youth A SONG in the ⁽⁵⁾ TEMPEST Set by M^r H: Purcell.

Dear, Dear, pretty pretty, pretty youth, Dear pretty, pretty, pretty
youth Unvail, unveil those eyes, unveil, unveil those eyes. How can you, can you sleep: how
can you, can you sleep, how can you can you sleep, when I when I am by when I when I am by;
were I with you all night to be methinks I could, methinks I could, I could from sleep be
free: methinks I could, methinks I could from sleep, I could from sleep be free.
very slow *Quick*
Alas! A laſt my Dear, your cold cold as Stone, you muſt no longer, no no longer, no,
no longer, no, no longer longer lie a lone. But be with me my Dear, my Dear, Dear
Dear: But be with me my Dear. And I in each arme, and I in each arme, will hugg you, hugg you
close: Will hugg you hugg you close, hugg you close and keep you warm: Will hugg you, hugg you
close, will hugg you, hugg you close, hugg you close, and keep you warm.

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From *Rosie Bowrs* A SONG Set by M^r. Henry Purcell.

From *Rosie Bowrs* where Sleeps the God of Love hither, hither ye little waiting Cupid

fly fly ----- y fl ----- y. hither ye lit - tle waiting Cu - pids fly, teach me, teach me in

soft Me - lodious Songs, to move with ten - der, ten - der Passion my Heart's, my heart's dar - ling Joy.

ah! let the Soul of Musick Tune my Voice to Win dear Strephon, ah! ah! let the Soul of Musick tune my

Voice to Win dear Strephon, dear, dear, dear Strephon, who my Soul en - joys.

or if more in flu - encing it to be brisk and Ai ry with a Step and a Pound and a Frick from the

Ground I will Triplike a ny Fairy. As once on I - da Danceing we're three Ce - lestial Bodies, with an Air, and a

Face and a Shape and a Grace let my Charm like Beauty's Goddess, with an Air, and a Face, and a

Shape, and a Grace let me Charm like Beautys Goddess. Ah! ah! tis in vain, tis all his all,

all in Vain, Death and De-¹⁶spair must end the Fa-¹⁶tal pain, cold Despair, cold cold De-¹⁶spair dis-

gnis'd like Snow and Rain falls, falls, falls on my Breast, Bleak Winds in Tempest Blo-¹⁶ - - - in Tempest

Blo-¹⁶ - - - in my Veins all Shiver, and my Fingers Glow, my Pulse beats a Dead, Dead March, my

Pulse be-¹⁶ - - - a Dead, Dead March for lost re-¹⁶pose, and to a so-¹⁶lid lump of Ice my poor, poor fond Heart is froze.

Or, say ye Pow'rs say, say ye Pow'rs my Peace to Crown shall I

shall I shall I Thow my self for drown, shall I shall I shall I Thow my self for drown, a mongst the

foaming Billows in-creasing, all with Tears I shed on Beds of Ooze and Chrystal Pillows lay down,

down, down lay down down down my Love-¹⁶sick Head say, say ye Pow'rs, say, say ye Pow'rs my

Peace to Crown, shall I, shall I, shall I Than my self or drown: shall I, shall I, shall I

Than my self or drown. No, no, no, no, no I'll straight run Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad,

Mad that soon, that soon my Heart will warm, when once the Sense is fled, is fled Love,

Love has no pow'r, no, no, no, no, no pow'r to Charm, Love has no pow'r, no, no, no,

no, Love has no pow'r, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no pow'r to Charm. Wild thro the

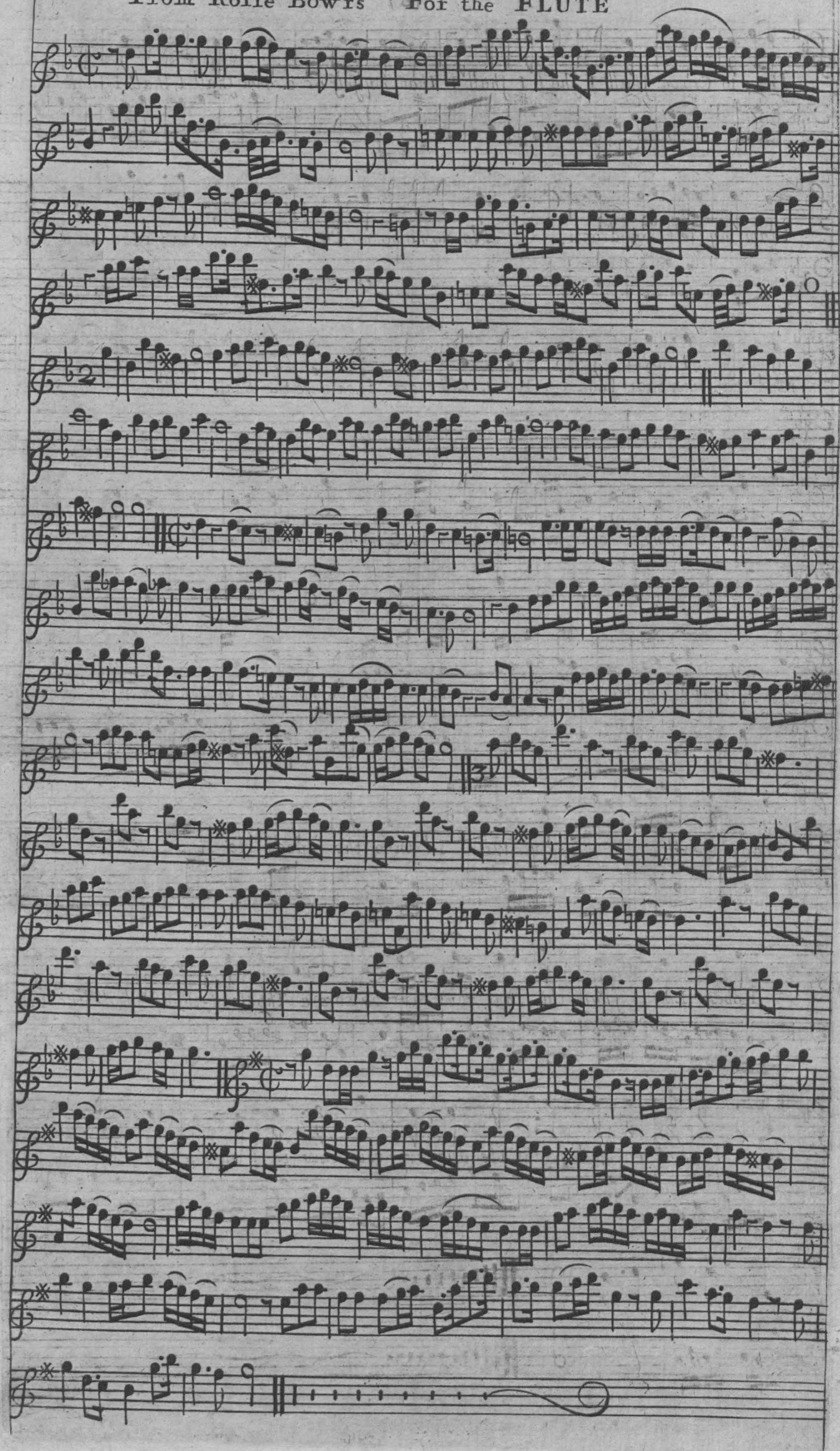
Woods I'll fl - - - y, Wil - d thro the Woods I'll fl - - - y,

Robes, Locks shall thus, thus, thus, thus be tore a Thousand, thousand deaths I'll

dye, o thousand thousand deaths I'll dye ere thus, thus in vain ere thus, thus in

vain, thus in vain a - dare

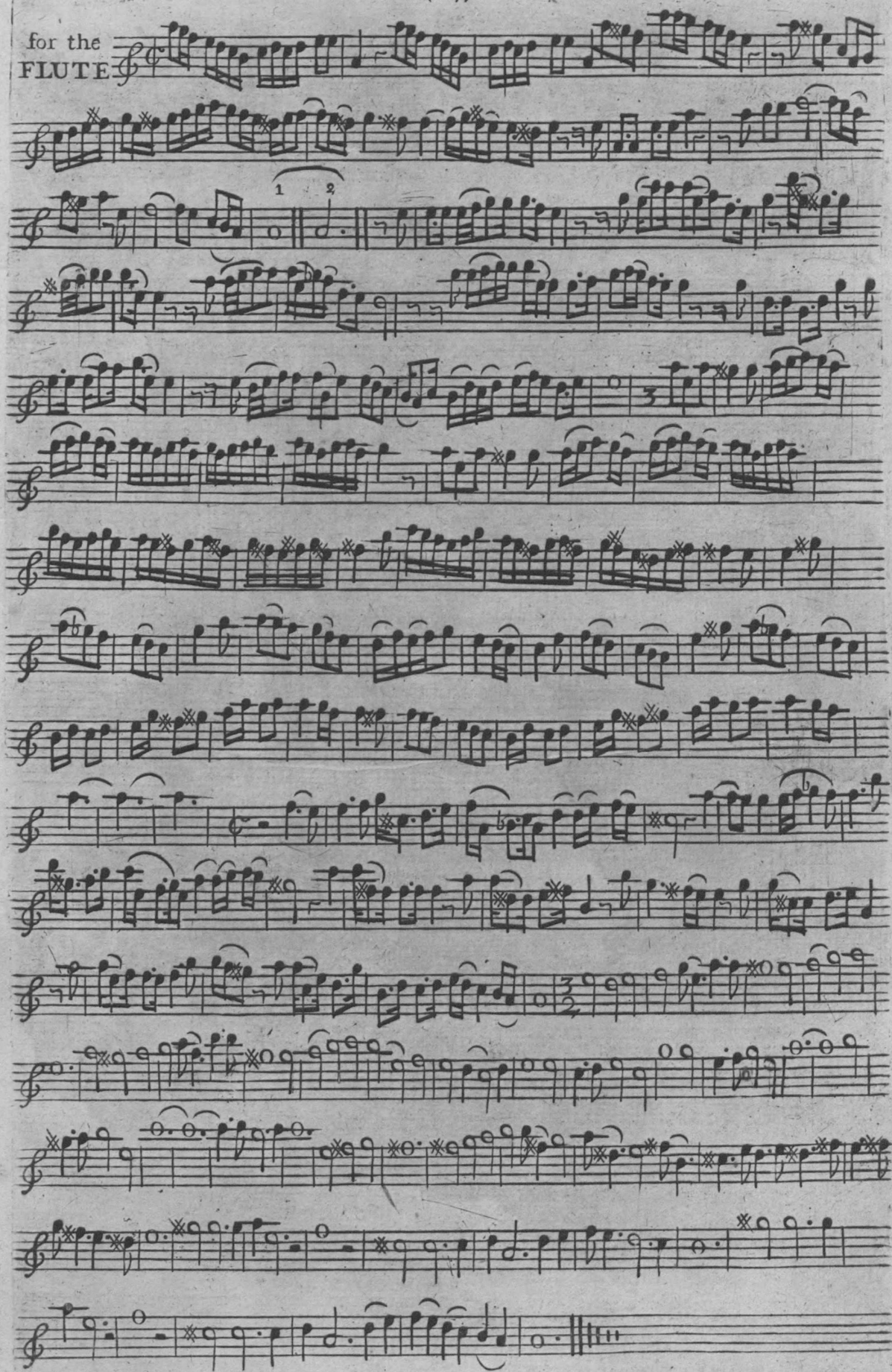
From Rosie Bow's For the FLUTE



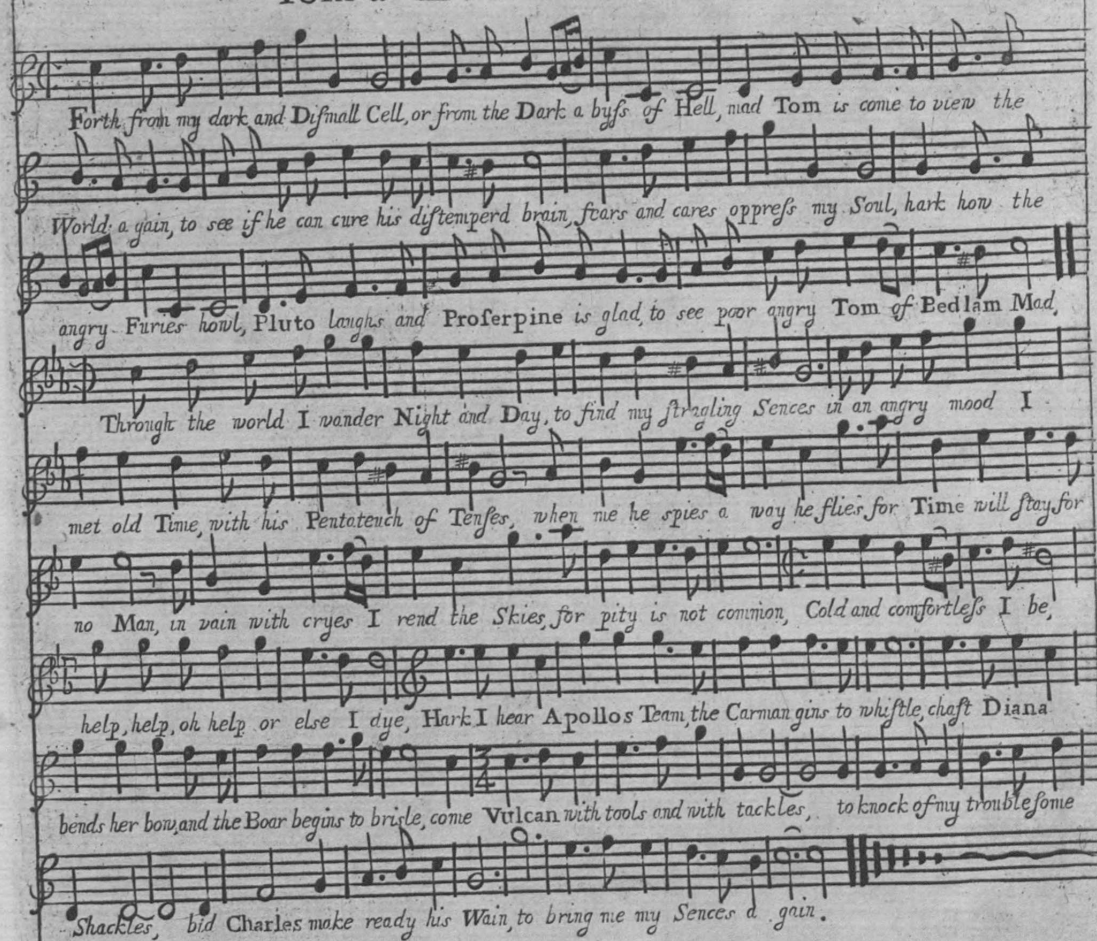
(10)
A SONG Set by M^r Henry Purcell

FL ——— Y swift ye Hours, fl ——— Y swift ye
Hours, make hast make hast fly ——— make hast make hast fl ——— y fl ——— y swift ——— t than
la ——— zy la zy Sun, make hast make hast make hast 43# and drive the te-dious Minutes on.
the te-dious Minutes on. 1 2 on Bring back my Bel-vide-ra, my Bel-vide-ra
to my sight, bring back my Bel-vi-de-ra, my Bel-vi-de-ra to my sight.
my Bel-vi-de-ra then thy self more bright, make hast make hast make hast bring
back my Bel-vi-de-ra, my Bel-vi-de-ra to ——— my sight. swifter y
Time, my ea-ger Wi-shes mo ——— ve, swifter than Time, my ea-ger Wi-shes
mo ——— ve, my ea-ger Wi-shes move, &
scorn the beaten Paths, and scorn the beaten Paths of Vulgar love, & scorn y^e beaten

Paths, and scorn the beaten Pa - - - - - ths of Vulgar Love, and scorn the beaten pa - - -
 - - - - - ths of Vul - gar Lo - - - - - ve, Soft Peace is banish'd from my tor - - - - - tur'd.
 Breast, Soft Peace Soft Peace is banish'd from my tor - - - - - tur'd Breast, Love robs my Days of
 Ease Love robs my Days of Ease my Nights of Rest Love robs my Days of Ease Love
 robs my Days of Ease my Nights, my Nigh - - - - - ts of rest, Yet tho her cru - el Scorn,
 provokes De - spair, yet tho her cru - el Scorn, her cru - el Scorn provokes De - spair, my
 Passion still is strong, my Passion still is stro - - - - - ng, my Passion still is stro - - - - - ng, a
 she is Fair, Still must I Love, still blest the plea - - - - - sing Pain, still court
 my Ruine, still still court my Ruine and em - brace my Chain, still court my Ruine,
 still, still court my Ruine and embrace my Chain.

for the
FLUTE

Tom a Bedlam⁽¹³⁾

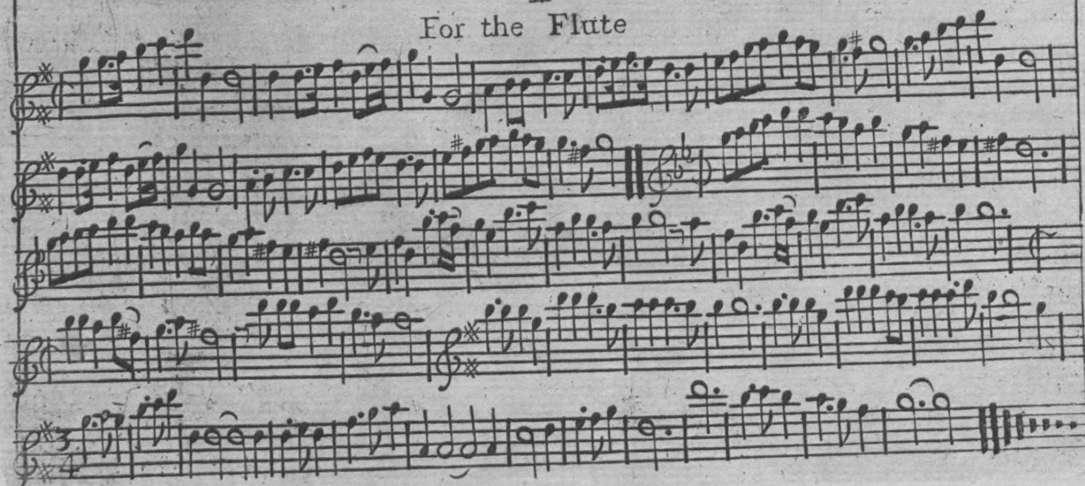


Forth from my dark and Dismall Cell, or from the Dark a byss of Hell, mad Tom is come to view the
 World a gain, to see if he can cure his distemperd brain, fears and cares oppress my Soul, hark how the
 angry Furies howl, Pluto laughs and Proserpine is glad to see poor angry Tom of Bedlam Mad,
 Through the world I wander Night and Day, to find my stragling Sences in an angry mood I
 met old Time, with his Pentateuch of Tenses, when me he spies a way he flies for Time will stay for
 no Man, in vain with cryes I rend the Skies, for pity is not common, Cold and comfortless I be,
 help, help, oh help or else I dye, Hark I hear Apollos Team, the Carman gives to whistle, chaff Diana
 bends her bow, and the Boar begins to bristle, come Vulcan with tools and with tackles, to knock of my troublesome
 Shackles, bid Charles make ready his Wain, to bring me my Sences a gain.

Last night I heard the Dog Star bark,
 Mars met Venus in the dark,
 Lymping Vulcan heat an Iron bar,
 And furiously made at the great God of Warr,
 Mars with his weapon laid a bout,
 Lymping Vulcan had got the Gout,
 His broad Horns did hang so in his light,
 That he cou'd not see to aim his blows aright,
 Mercury the nimble Post of Heaven,
 Stood still to see the quarrel,
 Gorrel belly'd Bacchus Giant like,
 Bestrid a Strong beer barrel,
 To me he drank I did him thank,

But I could drink no Sider,
 He drank whole Buts till he burst his guts,
 But mine was ne'er the wider,
 Poor Tom is very dry,
 A little drink for Charity,
 Hark I hear Acteon's hounds,
 The Hunts man whoops and hollows,
 Ringwood Rockwood Iowler Bowman,
 All the Chace doth follow,
 The man in the Moon drinks Clarret,
 Eats powder'd Beef Turnep and Carret,
 But a Cup of Malago Sack,
 Will fire the Bush att his Back,

For the Flute



Bess of Bedlam Set by ⁽¹⁴⁾ M^r Henry Purcell

From silent Shads and the Elizium Groves, where sad departed Spirits mourn, their Loves from Chryftall
streams, and from that Country where Jove Crowns y^e Feilds with Flowers, all y^e year, poor Senceless Bess cloath'd
in her Rags, and folly is come to cure her Lovesick Melancholly, Bright Cinthia kept her Revels late while Mab y^e Fairy
Queen did Dance, and Oberon did sit in State, when Mars at Venus ran his Lance, in yonder Comflick lies my Dear en
tomb'd, in liquid Genons of Dew, each day I'll water it with a Tear, its fading Blossom to re new, For since my
Love is dead and all my Joys are gone, poor Bess for his sake a Garland will make, my Musick shall be a Groan,
I'll lay me down and dye within some hollow Tree, y^e Raven and Cat, the Owle and Bat, shall war - ble forth
my Ele - gy, did you not see my Love as he past by you, his two flaming Eyes if he come nigh you, they will scorch up your
Hearts, Ladies beware ye lest he shoud dart a glance that may enflame ye, Hark, hark! Thear old Charon bawl, his

Boat he will no longer stay the furies lash their Whips and call, come, come a way come, come away poor Bejs will return to the place
 whence she came, since the world is so mad, she can hope for no cure for loves grown a Bubble, a shadow a name which fools do ad-
 mire & wise men en- dure, cold & Hungry am I grown, Am brost a will I feed upon, drink Nectar still and Sing, who is content doe
 all sorrow prevent & Bejs in her Strav whilst free from y^e law in her thoughts is as great, great as a King.

For the Flute

no - blest Scars looks fi - nest in Celias Eyes, # 7

tuen sha - ke off ur Sloth full ease, # 2 76

let Glory let Glory let Glory inspi - re our Hearts, # 4 5

remember a Soldier in war & in Peace, remember a Soldier in war in war & in Peace, is the

blest of all other Arts, 4 6 7 43

remember a Soldier in war & in Peace, remember a Soldier in war in war & in Peace, is the no - blest of all other Arts, 4 6 7 43

A SONG in the Play call'd Oranzebe Set to Musick by M^r Hen^r Purcell,
Sung by M^{rs} Alyff.

I see, I see she flyes me, she flyes me, I see, I see she flyes me,
she flyes me, flyes - - - me, she flyes me every where, she flyes me
ev'ry where, her eyes, her eyes her scorn, her scorn discover, but what's her scorn, but
what's her scorn or my dispair, since tis my fate, tis, tis my fate, since tis, tis my fate,
since tis my fate to love her, since tis my fate to love her, Were she but
kind, kind, were she but kind, kind whom I - - a dove, I might live long - - -

(19)

er but not love her more were she but kind kind were she
but kind kind whom I - a dore I might live long - er live long -
er but not love her more

for the
FLUTE

for the
FLUTE

A SONG Set by ⁽²⁰⁾ M^r Henry Purcell.

IF Musick, & Musick be the foo- - - d of Love, sing on sing on.

sing on sing on sing, si- - - ng on till I am fill'd with Jo-

-y, till I am fill'd with Joy, for then my listning soul you mo-

ves for then my listning soul you mo- - - ben you move to pleas-

-sures that can never, never cloy, your Eyes your Mean, your Tongue declare, that

you are Mu- - - sick ev'ry where, your Eyes your Mean, your

Tongue declare, that you are Mu- - - sick ev'ry where,

Pleasures invade both Eye and Ear, pleasures invade both Eye and Ear so fier-

-ce so fier- - - ce the transports are they poun- - - d so fier- - - ce y

transports are they wound, and all my Senses feasted are, and all my Senses feasted are, tho' yet
 Treat is only sound, tho' yet the Treat is only sound, sound, sound, sound, sound,
 sound, is only sound, sure I must perish, I must, I must perish by your Charms,
 unless you sa - ve me, in your Armes.

for the
FLUTE

A SONG in the Fools Preferment⁽²²⁾ Set by M^r Henry Purcell.

I'll sail upon the Dog-star, I'll sail upon the Dog-star, and
 then pursue the Morning, and then pursue, and then pursue the Morning, & I'll chase y^e moon, till
 it be noon, I'll chase the Moon, till it be Noon, but I'll make, I'll make her leave her Horning, I'll
 climb the Frosty Mountains, I'll climb the Frosty Mountains, and there I'll Coyn the Weather. I'll
 tear the Rainbow from the sky, I'll tear the Rain-bow from the sky, and tie, and tie both
 ends together. The stars pluck from their Orbs too, the stars pluck from their Orbs too, &
 crowd them in my Budget, And whether I'm a Roar - - - ing boy.
 a Roar - - - ing Boy, let all, let all the Nation Judge it.

for the
FLUTE

The flute part consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a continuous, flowing style with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The second and third staves continue the melody, with the third staff ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A SONG Set by Mr⁽²³⁾ Henry Purcell.

I Look'd, I look'd, and saw within the Book of Fate, where many Days did low'r, wⁿ
 lo, when lo one happy, happy Hour leapt up, leapt up and smild, leapt up and smi - - -
 - ld. to save thy sin - - - king state. A Day shall come when in thy pow'r thy
 cruell foes shall be, a Day shall come when in thy pow'r thy cruell foes shall be, then shall the
 Land be free, and thou in Peace and thou in Pea - - - ce shalt Reign, but take, Oh S^t - - -
 oh - - - take that opportunity, which once refus'd, will never, never, never come again, will
 never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never come again.
 for the
 FLUTE

Let the Dreadfull Engines A SONG ⁽²⁴⁾ Set by M^r. Henry Purcell.

LET the dreadful Engines of eternall will, the Thun - der Roar &
crook ed Lightning kill my rage is hot is hot is hot as theirs as fa tall to, and
dares as horrid and dares as horrid horrid ex ecution do, Or let the Frozen North its ran -
cour Show, within my Breast far, far grea ter Tempests grow Dis pair's more
cold, more co ld than all the winds can blow; Can nothing can nothing warm me, can
nothing can nothing warm me yes yes yes yes Lucinda's eyes, yes yes yes yes yes yes Lucinda's
eyes yes yes yes yes yes Lucinda's eyes there there there there E'nd there there there there Vesuvio
Lies, to furnish Hell with flames, that mount ing mounting reach the Skyes,
nothing can no thing warm me can nothing can nothing warm me yes yes yes yes Lucinda's eyes, yes yes
yes yes yes yes Lucinda's eyes yes yes yes yes yes Lucinda's eyes Yes pour Idid but use her name,
and see how all and see how all Meteors flame blew lightning flashes round the Court of Sol and now the Globe more feverly

burns then once at Phaestons fall, ah ah

where where are now where are now where are now those Flow-ry Groves where Zephirs fragrant winds did play,

ah where are now where are now where are now those Flow-ry Groves where Zephirs fragrant winds did play, where

gaurded by a troop of Loves the fair the fair Lucinda sleeping lay, there, Sing the Nightingall, and Lark, around us all was

sweet and gay, vene regrew sad till it grew dark, nor nothing fear'd but, Shortning day, I glow I glow I glow but

tis with hate, Why must I burn, why must I burn, why, why must I burn for this ingrate, why, why must I burn for this ingrate,

Cool, cool it then, cool it then and raile since nothing nothing will prevaile, when a woman Love pretends tis but

till she gains her ends and for better and for worse is for marrow of the purse where she Filts you ore and ore proves a Slattern

or a Whore this hour will tieze will tieze and vex will tieze will tieze & vex and will Cuckold you the next, they were all contriv'd in

Spright to torment us not delight but to Scold to Scold to Scratch and bite and not one of them proves right but all all are wiches

by this light, And Job I fairly bid em and the world good night good night good night good night good night good night.

Oh lead me. A SONG in BONDAGE ⁽²⁶⁾ Set by M^r. Henry Purcell.

Oh lead me, lead me to some peace-full Gloom, where none but
Sigh-ing, none but sighing, sighing Lovers come; where the shrill, the shrill Trumpets never
Soun- d; never, never sound, but one eternal hush, one eter-nal hush goes round.
There let me sooth my pleasing pain, there let me sooth my pleasing pain, and
never, never think of War never, never think of War, never, never think of War, never, never,
never, never, never, never think of War again; What glo-ry, what glo-ry, what glo-ry can
can a Lover have, to conquer, to conquer yet be still a slave, what glo-ry, what glo-ry
-ry can a Lo-ver have to conquer to conquer, to conquer yet be still, still a Slave, yet, yet be
still, yet, yet be still yet, yet be still, still a slave.

Sound Fame, A SONG in Dioclesian, ⁽²⁷⁾ Set by M^r Henry Purcell.
within the Compass of the Flute.

Sound — Fame, thy Brazen Trumpet Sound, Sound, — — —

Sound, — — — Sound, — — — — — thy Brazen Trumpet Sound,

Stand, Stand in the centre stand, in the centre of the Universe, and call and

call — — — y^e list'ning World a round, While we in joy — —

— — — — — full Notes rehearse, in artfull Numbers

in artfull Numbers and well cho — — — sen verse, Great Dioclesian,

Great — — — — — Di-o clesians Glory,

Great Dioclesian, Great — — — — — Di-o clesians Glory,

Great — — — — — Di-o cle sian Glory.

The Conjurers SONG or the Croaking of y^e Toad Set by M^r. Henry Purcell.
Within the Compar of y^e Flute

YOU twice ten hundred Deities, to whom to whom, we daily Sacrifices. Ye powers, ye
powers that dwell with Fates below, and see what men are doom'd to doe where Elements in
dis- cord dwell thou God of sleep a-ri- se & tell, tell great Zempoalla, b
strange strange Fate must on her dis- mal dis- mal Vi- sion wait.
By the croaking of the Toad in their Caves that make a bode by y^e Croaking of
Toad in their Caves that make a bode Earthy Dun, Earthy Dun y^e pa
nts for breath with her swe- ll'd sides full, full, fu- ll of
death: by y^e Crested Aders Pride, by y^e Crested Aders Pride that a long the Cliffs doe

gli- de by thy Visage, by thy Visage feir- ce and
 black, by thy Deaths Head on thy back, by thy twis-
 ted Serpents plac'd for a girdle rou- nd thy Wast, by thy Hearts of
 Gold that deck, thy Breast, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck; from thy
 sleep-ing Mansion rise, and open, and open, thy un-will-ing Eyes.
 While bubbling Springs their Musick keep while bubbling Springs their
 Musick keep, that use to Lull thee, use to Lull thee, Lull thee, in thy sleep.
 that use to Lull thee, Iull thee, Lull thee,
 use to Lull thee, Lull thee in thy sleep.

A two part SONG Set by ⁽³⁰⁾Mr Henry Purcell.

And in each track of Glo-ry, Since, and in each track of Glo-ry, Since, for their lov'd Country, or their Prince.

Princes that hate, that hate Romes Tyranny, and joyn the Nations right, with their own Royalty, none were more ready, none were more ready, none, none, none, none, none were more ready, in distress to save, no none were more Loyal, none, none were more Loyal, none, none more Brave.

For the Flute

A two part SONG between Cupid & Bacchus in Timon of Athens
Set by M^r Henry Purcell

Come let us agree, come let us agree, come let us agree, come, come, come, come, come, come

Come let us agree, come let us agree, come let us agree, come, come, come, come,

come, come, come let us agree; come, come, come, come, come, come, come let us agree;

come, come, come let us agree; come, come, come, come, come, come, come let us agree;

There are pleasures divine, there are pleasures divine, in Love and in

There are pleasures divine, in Wine and in Love, in

Wine, in Love and in Wine, there are pleasures divine, in Wine and in Love, in

Wine, & in Love there are pleasures are pleasures divine, in Wine and in Love, in

Love and in Wine, in Wine and in Love, in Love and in Wine.

Love and in Wine, in Wine and in Love, in Love and in Wine.

A Song for 2 Voices set to Musik by Mr H. Purcell.

Come, come, come, come, let us leave let us, let us leave the Town Come, come, come, come, Come

Come, come, come, come, let us leave, let us leave the Town; Come, come, come, come

come, come, come, let us leave let us, let us, let us leave the Town; And in some lonely place where Crowds &

Come, come, come, come, let us leave let us, let us leave of Town, and in some lonely place where

Noise, where crowds and noise, where never, never, never, never known to so... to

Crowds where crowds & Noise were never, never, never, never known to so... to

spend our days. In pleasant, pleasant, shades, in pleasant pleasant, shades, upon the

spend our days. In pleasant, pleasant, pleasant, in pleasant, pleasant, pleasant shades, upon the

Grass at night our selves we'll lay, our days in harmless sports shall pass, our days in harmless

Grass at night our selves we'll lay, our days in harmless sports shall pass our

sports, in harmless sports shall pass; thus Time shall slide a way

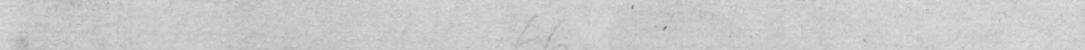
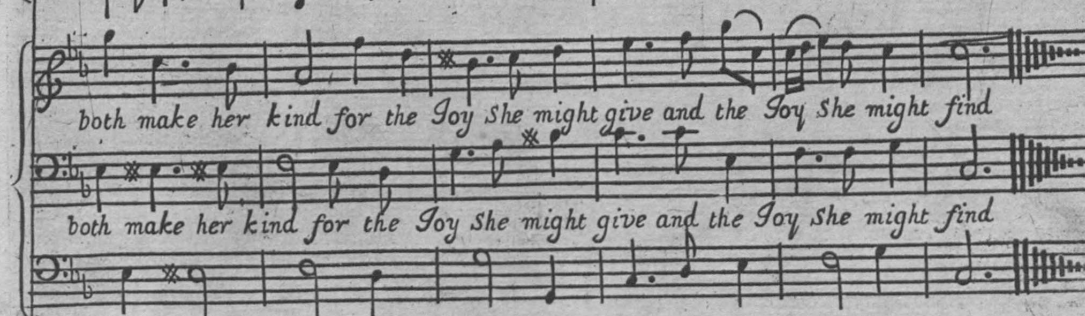
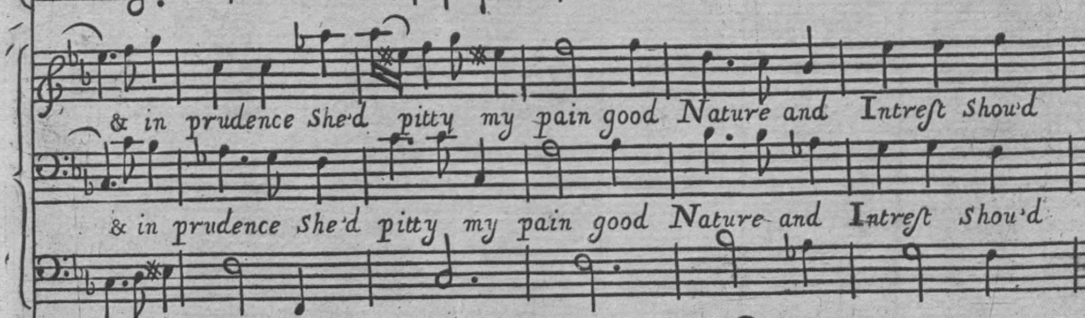
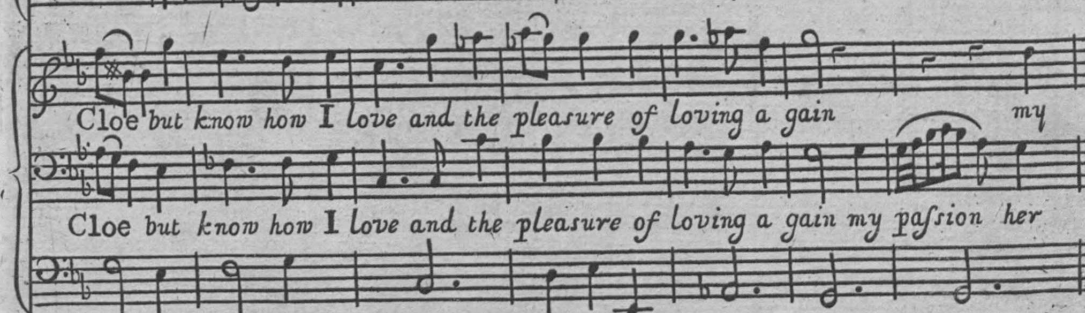
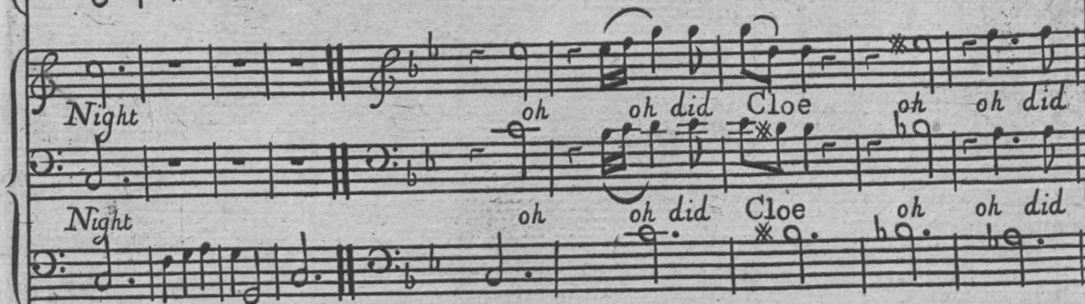
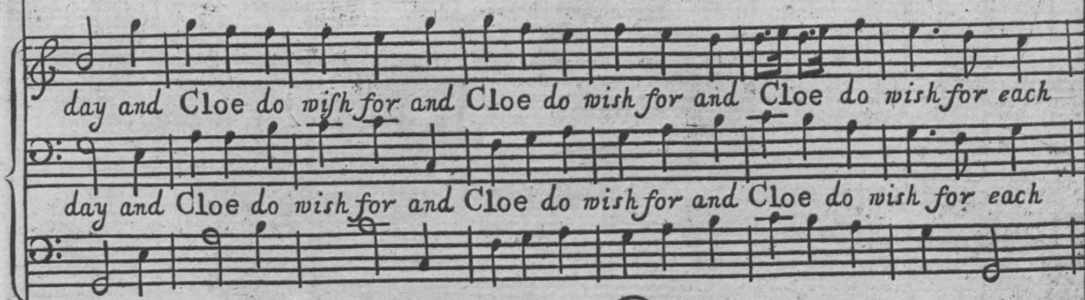
days in harmless sports shall pass; thus Time shall slide a way

A SONG for two Voices Set by ⁽³³⁾M^r. Henry Purcell.

Dulcibella, Dulcibella when e'er I Sue for a kiss, Dulcibella, Dulcibella when e'er I Sue for a kiss, refusing the bliss, crys no, no, no, no crys no, no, no, no, bella when e'er I Sue for a kiss, refusing the bliss, crys no, no, no, no, crys no, no, no, no, leave me, leave me, leave me Alexis, ah what woud you do, ah what woud you no Leave me, leave me Alexis, ah what woud you do, what woud you, ah ah what woud you, what woud you do, when I what woud you, what woud you, what woud you do, when I tell her Ill go, Still She tell her Ill go, Still she crys no, no, no my Alexis, no, no my Alexis, ah tell me not crys no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no my Alexis, no, no my Alexis, ah tell me not tell me not So, ah, ah, ah tell me not tell me not So. tell me not So, ah, ah, ah tell me not So, ah tell me not So.

Fair Cloe A SONG⁽³⁵⁾ sett by M^r. Henry Purcell.

Fair Cloe my breast so-A larms from her pow'r I no refuge can
 Fair Cloe my breast so a larms from her pow'r from her pow'r I no refuge can
 find if a nother I take to my Arms yet my Cloe yet my Cloe is then in my mind
 find if a nother I take to my arms yet my Cloe is then in my mind
 unblest with the Joy still a pleasure I want still a pleasure I want which none but
 unblest with the Joy still a pleasure I want which none but
 my Cloe my Cloe can grant let Cloe but Smile I grow ga...
 my Cloe my Cloe can grant let Cloe but Smile I grow ga...
 ...y and I feel my heart Spring with delight on Cloe I coud gaze all the
 ...y and I feel my heart Spring with delight on Cloe I coud gaze all the
 day all all the day all all all all the day all all the day on Cloe I coud gaze all the
 day all all y day all all all all the day all all y day on Cloe I coud gaze all the



A two Part SONG Set by ⁽³⁷⁾ M^r Henry Purcell.

LET Hector A-chil-les, and each brave Com-mander, let Hector A-chil-les, and

Let Hector A-chil-les, & each brave Com-

each brave Commander with Cæsar and Pompey, with Cæsar and Pompey, and great, great

-mander, and each brave Commander, wth Cæsar and Pompey, with Cæsar and Pompey, & great

and great Alex-ander, all Nations and Kingdoms all Nations and Kingdoms with Conquest

and great Alex - an - der, all Nations and Kingdoms, all Nations and Kingdoms

sub-due, with Conquest, with Conquest sub-due, yet more then all this, more, more

with Conquest sub-due, with Conquest, with Conquest sub-due, yet more then all this, yet

more, yet more then all this, yet more then all this bright Cælia can do, For one single glance from her

more then all this, yet more then all this more, more, bright Cælia can do, For one single glance from her

conquering Eyes, will take em all Captive by way of Sur-prize the Trophies & Crowns of their powerfull arms are

conquering Eyes, will take em all Captive by way of Sur-prize, y^e Trophies & Crowns of their powerfull arms ar

sacrific'd all to Cæli's bright Charms in Chains and in Tri-umph in Chains & in Tri-

sacrific'd all to Cæli's bright Charms in Chains & in Tri-umph

- umph she carries them all and if she but frown then down then down they all fall down they fall down they

- umph she carries them all and if she but frown then down then down they all

fall down - - - n down down they all fall in Chains and in Tri-

ll down they fall down they fall down then down they all fall in Chains & in Tri -

- umph she carries them all and if she but frown then down they all fall down they fall down they

- umph she carries them all and if she but frown then down they all

fa - - ll down - - n down down they all fall down down down down down down they all fall

ll down they fall down they all fall down they down they all fall down down down - - n they all fall

A two part SONG ⁽³⁹⁾ Set by M^r Henry Purcell.

LOST is my Qui-et for e-ver, lost is my Qui-et for e-ver, lost for e-ver, for

LOST is my Quiet for e-ver, e-ver, lost is my Quiet for e-ver, for

e-ver, lost, lost is my Qui-et for ever, ever, lost is Life's hap-pi-est part, lost, all

e-ver, lost is my Quiet for e-ver for ever, ever, lost is Life's hap-pi-est part, lost, all

all, all my ten-der Endeavours, to tou- ch an in-sen-si-ble Heart,

all, all my ten-der Endeavours, to tou- ch an in-sen-si-ble Heart,

But tho my De-spair, is past curing, but tho my De-spair my De-spair is past

But tho my De-spair, is past curing but tho my De-spair is past

curing and much undeserv'd is my Fate Ile show by a patient en- - - du- - - ring my Love

curing and much undeserv'd is my Fate Ile show by a patient en du ring

Ile show by a patient en- - - du- - - ring my Love is un- - - mov'd is un-mov'd as her Hate

my Love is unmov'd Ile show by a patient en- - - du- - - ring my Love is unmov'd as her Hate

for the
FLUTE

A two part SONG in King Arthur Set by M^r Hen: Purcell

Sound a Parly ye Fair and Surrender, sound, sound, sound, sound, a Parly ye Fair and Surrender, Sound a Parly ye Fair, sound a Parly ye Fair & Surrender, set your selves & your Lovers at ease, He's a Parly ye Fair & Surrender, set your selves & your Lovers at ease, He's a greatfull a greatfull offender who pleasure who pleasure who pleasure who pleasure sure dare seize but if whineing pretender the whineing pretender is sure to displease Sound a Parly ye Fair and Surrender whineing if whineing pretender is sure to displease Sound sound sound sound a Parly ye sound, sound, sound, sound, a Parly ye Fair sound and a Parly ye Fair & Surrender Since if Fair & Surrender sound a Parly ye Fair Sound a Parly ye Fair & Surrender Since if fruit of desire is possesing tis unmanly to Sigh tis unmanly to Sigh & complain when we kneel for re- fruit of desire is possesing tis unmanly to Sigh tis unmanly to Sigh & complain when we

-dressing w^e kneel for redressing we mo - - - ve your disdain Love was
kneel for redressing w^e kneel for redressing we mo - - - ve your disdain

made for a Blessing a Blessing Love was made Love was made for a Bles -
Love was made love was made love was made for a Blessing Love was made for a

-sing and not for a pain Love was made for a Bles -
Blessing was made for a Blessing and not for a pain Love was made for a

-sing and not for a Pain
Blessing was made for a Blessing and not for a Pain

For the FLUTE

Flute part consisting of six staves of music, primarily in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat).

Sing all ye Muses A SONG Set by ⁽⁴³⁾ M^r Hen^r Purcell, The Words by M^r Durefey.

Sing, Sin - - - - - g all ye Muses, Sin - - - - - g sing, sing, your Lutes strike, strike,

Sing Sin - - - - - g all ye Mu - ses sing, your Lutes strike,

Strike a - roun - - - - - d, your Lutes strike a - round,

strike strike a - roun - - - - - d, your Lutes strike a - round.

When a Soldier's the sto - ry, when a Soldier's the sto - ry what Tongue can want sound, when a Soldier's the

When a Soldier's the sto - ry, when a Soldier's the sto - ry what Tongue can want sound, when a Soldier's the

Sto - ry what Tongue can want sound, who Danger disdains, who Danger disdains, wou - nds, wounds, wounds

Sto - ry what Tongue can want sound, who Danger disdains, who Danger disdains, wou - nds,

Bruises and Pains, when the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains, Rich Profit comes ea - sy, comes ea - sy, ea - sy in

Bruises and Pains, when the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains, Rich Profit comes ea - sy, ea - sy, in

Ci - ties of Store, but the Gold is earnd hard, where the Cannons do Ro - - - - - ar, but the

Ci - ties of Store, but the Gold is earnd hard, where the Cannons do

Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons do Roar, Yet see how they run, how they run, how they run, how they

Ro 4 3 6 4 7 6 4 3 ar, do Roar, Yet see how they run, how they

run at the Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming a Town, thro' Blood, and thro'

run at the Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming a Town, thro' Blood, and thro'

Fire to take the Half Moon, thro' Blood and thro' Fire to take the Half Moon, they Sea ...

Fire to take the Half Moon, thro' Blood and thro' Fire to take the Half Moon,

... le the high Wall, they Sea ... le the high Wall whence they see

they Sea ... le the high Wall, the high Wall whence they see

others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see others fall, their Hearts precious

others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see others fall, their Hearts precious

Darling, bright Glo ... ry, bright Glo ... ry pur - suing, tho

Darling, bright Glo ... ry, bright Glo ... ry pur - suing, tho

Slow

(45)

Deaths un-der Foot, and the Mine is just blowing, It springs, it springs,
Deaths under Foot, and the Mine is just blowing, Up they
it springs, it springs up they Fl--- y, they Fl--- y yet
Fl--- y it springs, it springs, 6 it springs, it springs 6 up they Fl---
more, more, more, more, more, yet more will sup-ply, as Bridegrooms to Marry they
y, yet more, more, more, yet more will sup-ply as Bridegrooms to Marry they
has- ten to Dye, they hasten to die, till Fate claps, claps, claps her
has- ten, they hasten to die, till Fate claps, claps, claps her
Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings of the Breach being
Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings of the Breach being
Enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings, then happy'r She whose
Enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings,

Face can win, then hap-py's She whose Face can win, can win a Soldier's Grace, they Range a
 happy's She, then hap-py's She whose Face can win, can win, a Soldier's Grace, they Range a
 bout in State, they Range about in State like Gods, like Gods dis-posing Fate no Luxury, in
 bout in State, they Range about in State like Gods, like Gods dis-posing Fate on Luxury, in
 Peace nor Pleasure in ex-cess can par tal lel the Joys can par ral lel the
 Peate nor Pleasure in ex-cess can par ral lel the Joys can par ral lel the
 Joys the Mar-tial Martiall He-ro Crown when flush'd with Ra-
 Joys the Mar-tiall He-ro Crown when flush'd with
 ge and forc'd by want forc'd by want he Stor-
 Ra- ge and forc'd by want he Stor- ms he
 ms he Stor- ms a wealthy Town
 Stor- ms a wealthy Town

To Arms and Britains strike ⁽⁴⁷⁾ home, two SONGS in Bonduca.
Set by M^r Henry Purcell: Within the Compass of the FLUTE

To Arms, to arms to arms, to arms to arms to arms, to arms to arms to arms to arms to arms to arms to arms your Ensigns

To arms to arms to arms to arms to arms to arms to arms to arms to arms to arms to arms to arms to arms to arms to arms to arms your Ensigns

arms to arms, to arms, to arms to arms to arms to arms to arms your Ensigns

arms to arms, to arms, to arms to arms to arms to arms to arms your Ensigns

Straits display, now now now now now now now now now now set the

Straits display, now now now now now now now now now now set the

Battle in array. The Oracle for Warr de clares, for warr de clares, Success depends, Success depends up-

Battle in array. The Oracle for Warr de clares, for warr de clares, Success depends, Success depends up-

on our hearts and Spears. The Oracle for Warr de-
 on our hearts and Spears. The Oracle for Warr de-
 declares for Warr declares Suc- cess depends, Suc-
 declares for Warr declares Suc- cess depends, Suc-
 cess depends up- on our hearts and Spears.
 cess depends up- on our hearts and Spears.

A Verse in Bonduca. Britains strike home.

Britains strike home. Re-venge, re-venge your Countrys wrongs,
 Fight, fight and re-cord, fight, fight and re-cord your selves in
 Druids Songs, fight, fight and re-cord, fight, fight and re-
 cord re-cord your selves in Druids Songs.

A SONG for two Voices Set by ⁽⁴⁹⁾ M^r Henry Purcell.

When Myra Sing — .. — s, when Myra Sing — .. —

When Myra Sing — .. — s, when Myra Sing — .. —

— .. — s, we Seek th'inchant — .. — ing Sound, th'inchant — .. — ing

— .. — s, we Seek th'inchant — ing Sound, th'inchant — .. — ing

Sound, and Bless y^e Notes, & bless y^e Notes, that do so sweetly, so sweetly, so sweetly wound, what Mu —

Sound, and Bless y^e Notes, & bless y^e Notes, y^e do so sweetly, so sweetly, so sweetly wound,

— .. — sick, what Mu — .. — sick needs must dwell up on that Tongue, whose speech is Tune full,

what Mu — .. — sick needs must dwell up on that Tongue, whose speech is

whose speech is Tune full, is tune — .. — full as another Song. Such Harmony, such

Tune full, whose speech is tune — .. — full as another Song. Such Harmony

With such Harmony, such wit, such wit a Face so Fair, so many, so many pointed Arrows, who,

such wit, such Harmony, such wit a Face so Fair, so many, so many pointed Arrows, who,

Who can bear, the Slave that from her wit, or Beauty flies, if she
 Who can bear, the Slave that from her wit, or Beauty flies, if she but reach him, but reach
 but reach him, but reach him with her Voice, if She but reach him with her voice, he
 him with her voice, if she but reach him with her voice, he dies, he dies, he
 dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he Dies.
 dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he Dies.

very Slow

For the Flute

very Slow

(51)
The Mad Dialogue Sung by M^r Leveridge and M^{rs} Lynsey Sett by M^r Purcell.

He

Behold, behold the Man that with Gigan... tick Might dares, dares, dares Combat

Heaven again sto... rm, Joves bright Palace put the Gods to flig... ht,

Chaos renew and make perpe... tu al Night, Come on, come on, come

on come on ye Fighting, Fighting fools, come on, come on, come on, come on ye Fighting, Fighting fools, that

petty, petty Jars maintain, that petty, petty Jars maintain, I've all, all the Wars of Europe, all the

Wars of Europe in my Brain, I've all, all, all the Wars of Europe in my Brain,

She

Whos he that talks of War, when charming, charming Beau-ty comes in, whos sweet, sweet,

sweet Face di-vinely fair, e-ter-nal plea... sure, e-ter-nal plea...

... sure, e-ter-nal plea... sure, comes, when I ap-

pear, the Martial, Martial God a Conquerd Victim lyes, obeys each glance, each anfull nod, and dreads the

Light ning of my killing Eyes, more, more than the fiercest, the fiercest, the fiercest thun

He
der in the Skies, Ha, ha, now, now, now, now we mount up high, now, now

we mount up high, the Sun's bright God and I, Charge, Charge, Charge on the Azure, Charge on the

Azure dawns of ample Sky, See, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, how thimmortall

Spirits ru n. See, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, how thimmortall spirits ru

n, pur - sue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, Drive 'em o're the

burning Zone, drive 'em o're the burning Zone from thence come row ling down, come

row ling down, and search the Globe below, with all the gulphy Main, to find my lost, my

wan dring sense, my wan dring Sense a - gain, She By this dis

joynted matter that crowds thy Pe-ricranium, I nicely have found, that thy Brain is not found, and

He

thou shalt be, and thou shalt be my Companion. Come, come, come, come, come, come, let us plague the

World then, I embrace the blest oc—casion, for by instinct I find thou art one of the kind, thou art

one of the kind, that first brought in, that first brought in Dam—nation,

III

She. My Face has Heaven Incharmed,
With all the Sky born Fellows,
Jove press'd to my Breast and my Bosom he kiss'd,
Which made old Juno jealous.

IV

He. I challeng'd Grifly Pluto,
But the God of Fire did shun me,
Witty Hermes I drub'd round the Pole with my Club,
For breaking Jokes upon me,
Chorus of both,
Then Mad very Mad very Mad let us be,
For Europe does now with our Frenzy agree,
And all things in Nature are mad too as we,

V

She. I found Apollo Singing,
The tune my Rage increas'd

CHORUS

Then Mad very Mad let us be, very Mad, very Mad, let us be, very Mad, very Mad, very

Then Mad, very mad, very mad, very mad let us be, very Mad, very Mad, very

Mad, very Mad, let us be, for Europe does now with our Frenzy a—gree, & all things in Nature are Mad, mad, mad, &

Mad, very Mad, let us be, for Europe does now with our Frenzy a—gree, 16 and all things in nature are

all things in Nature are Mad, mad, mad, are Mad, mad, mad, are Mad, mad, mad, are mad too as we, are mad too as we,

Mad, mad, mad, and all things in nature are Mad, mad, mad, are Mad, mad, mad, are mad too as we, are mad too as we,

I made him so blind with a look that was kind,
That he broke his Lyre to pieces,

VI

He. I drank a Health to Venus,
And the Mole on her white Shoulder,
Mars flinch'd at the Glass and I thren't in his Face,
Was ever Hero bolder,

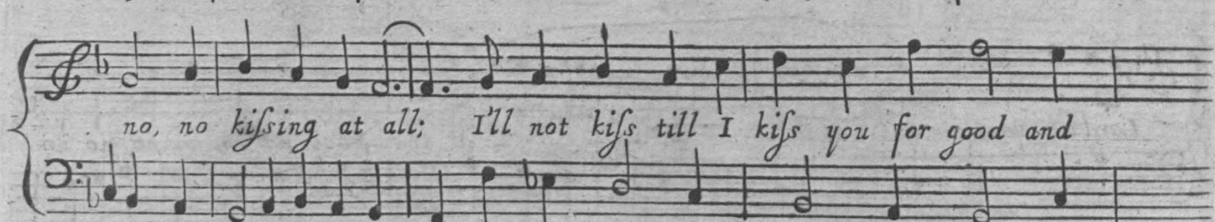
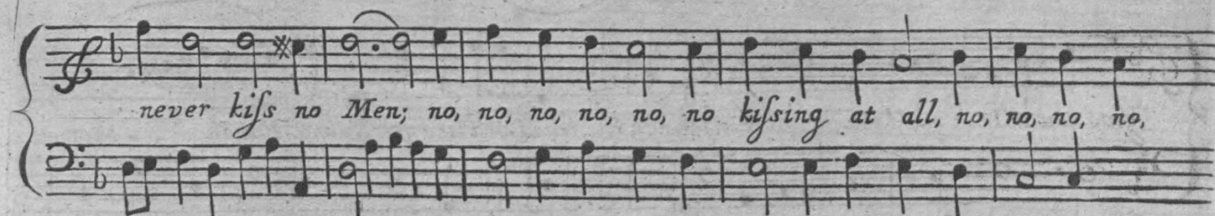
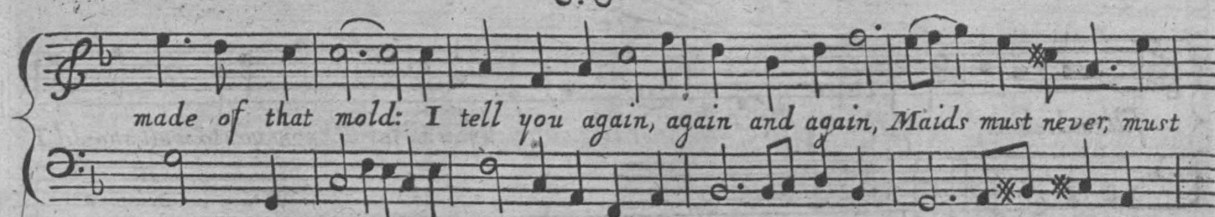
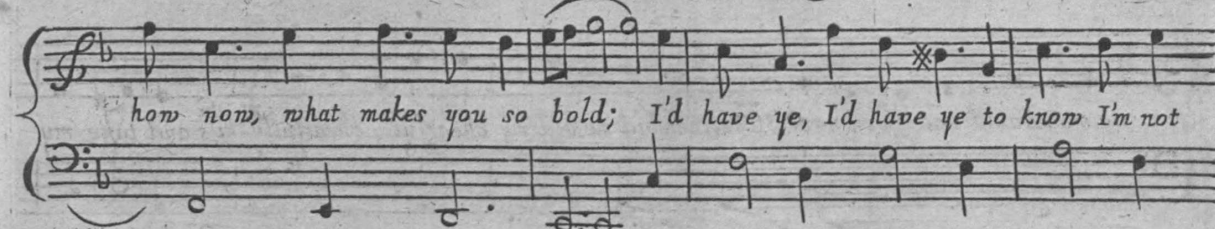
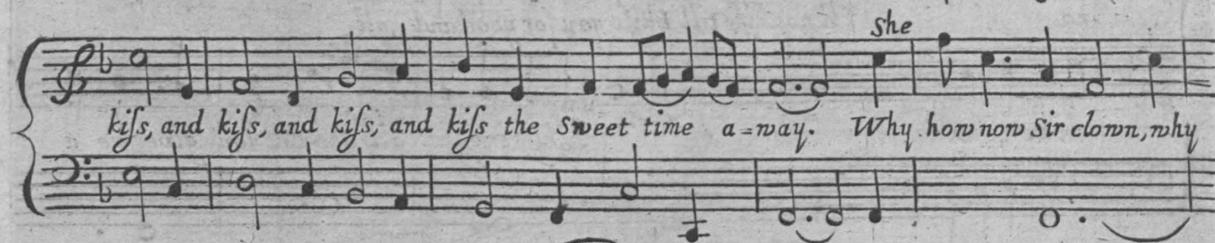
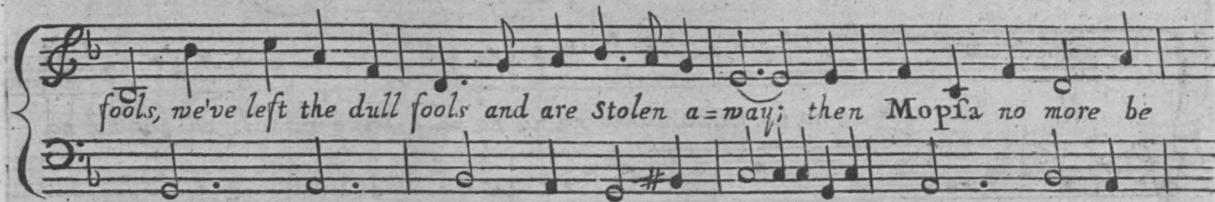
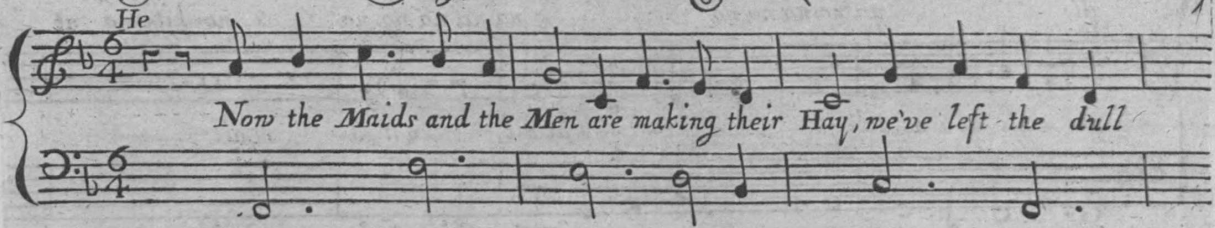
VII

She. 'Tis true my dear Alcides,
Things tend to dissolution,
The Charms of a Crown and the Crafts of the Gown,
Have brought all to Confusion,

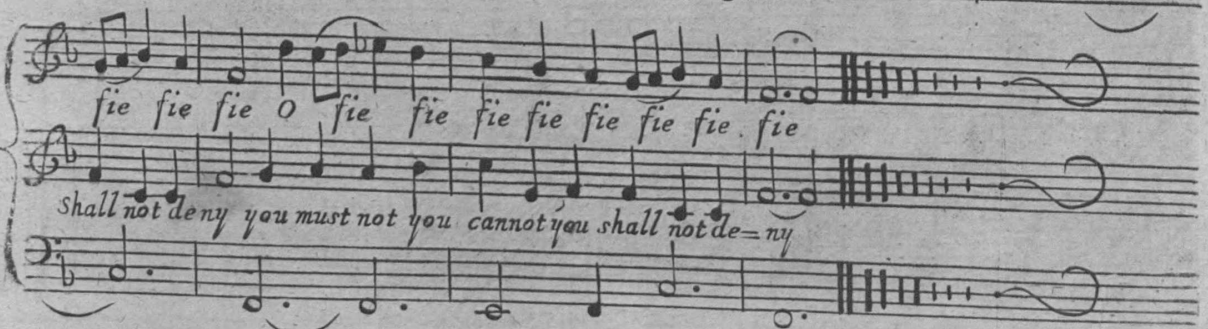
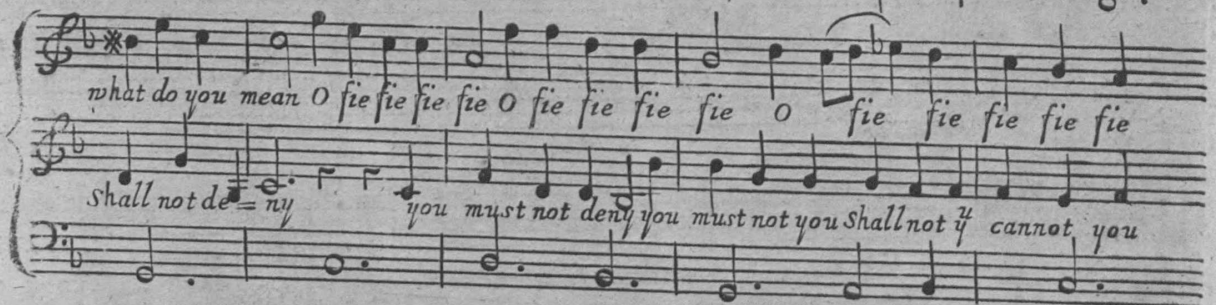
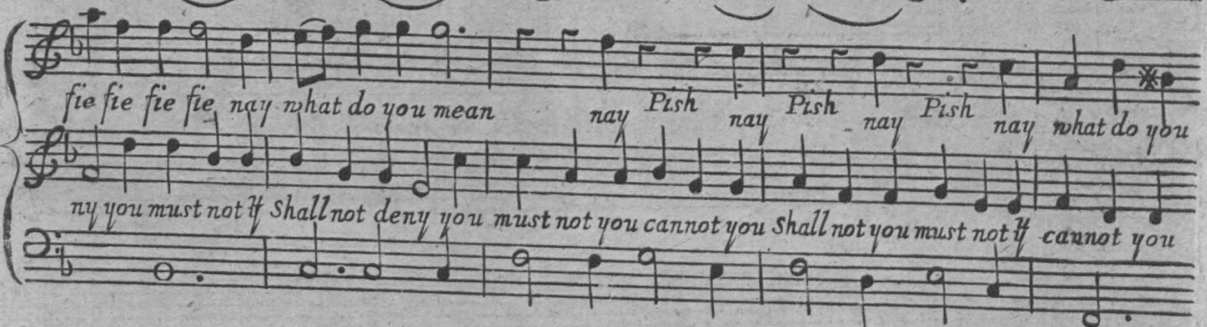
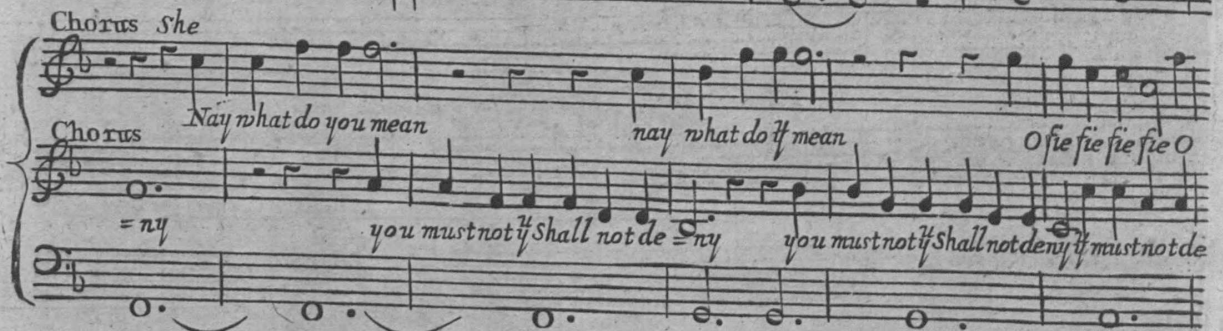
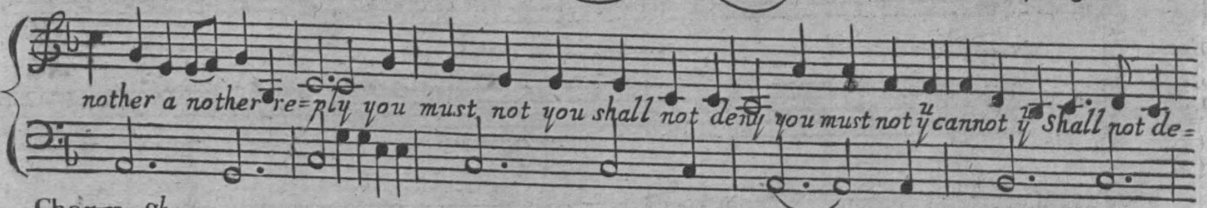
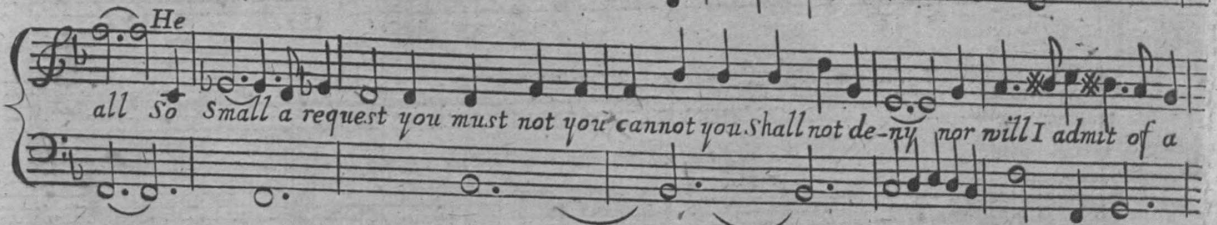
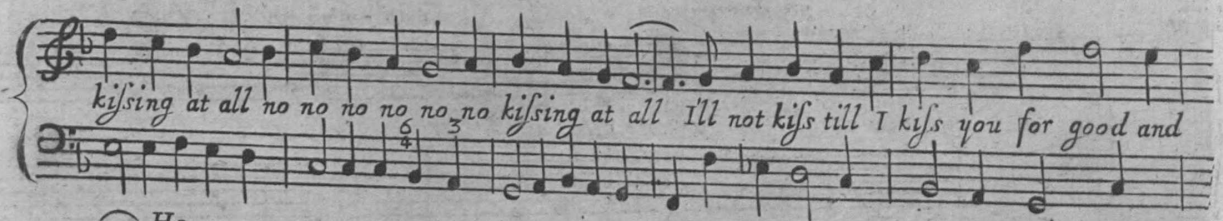
VIII

He. The haughty French begun it,
The English Wits pursue it,
She. The German and Turk still go on with y^e Work,
He. And all in time will rue it,

(54)
*A Dialogue in the Opera call'd the Fairy Queen Set by M^r
Henry Purcell Sung by M^r Reading and (M^r Pate in womans habit)*

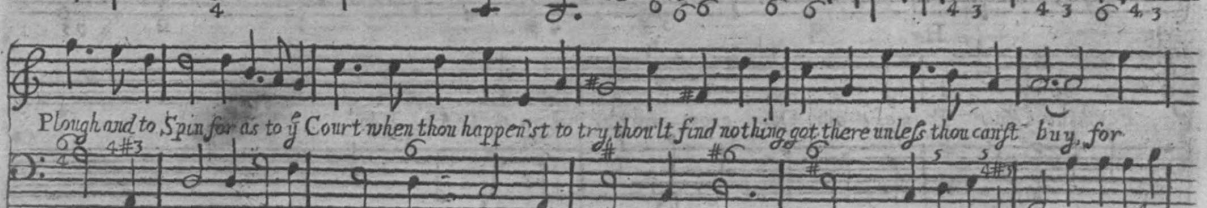
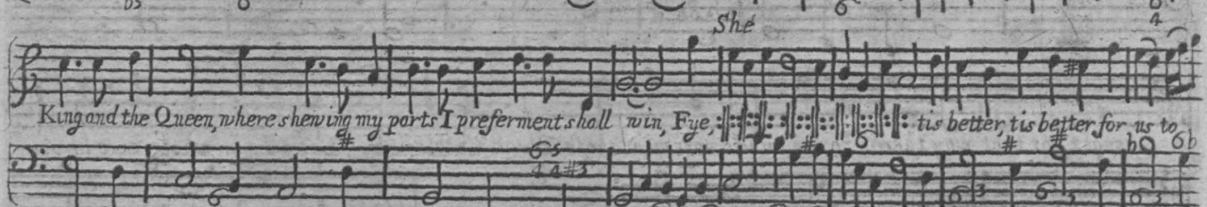
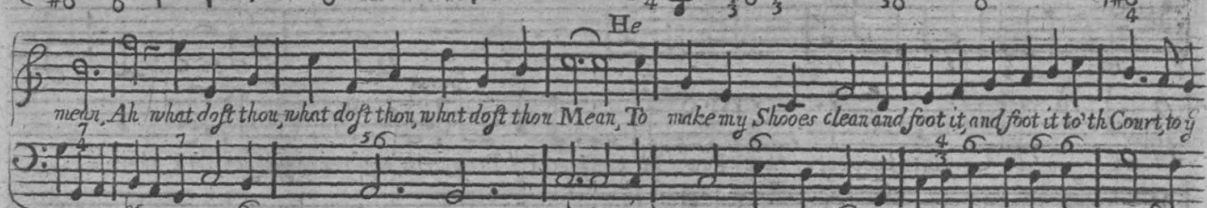
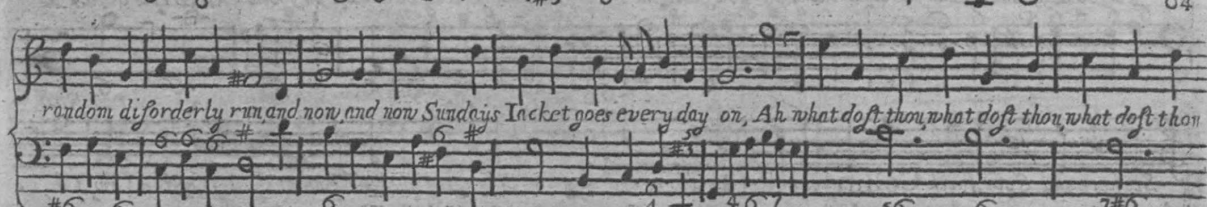
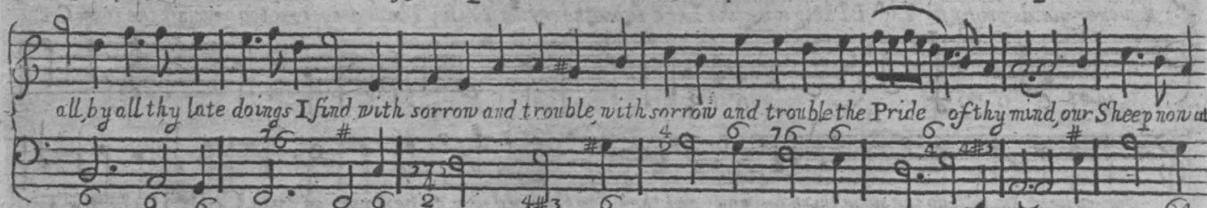
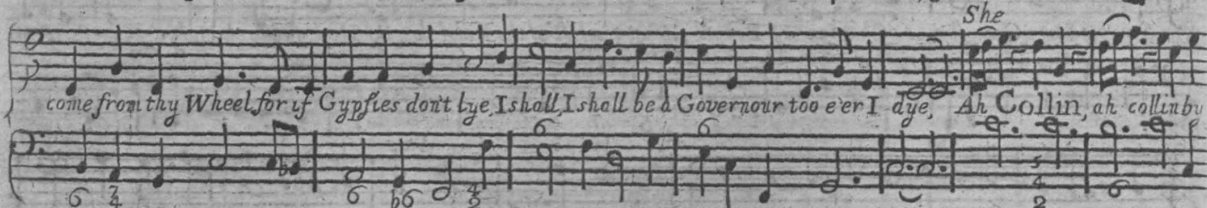
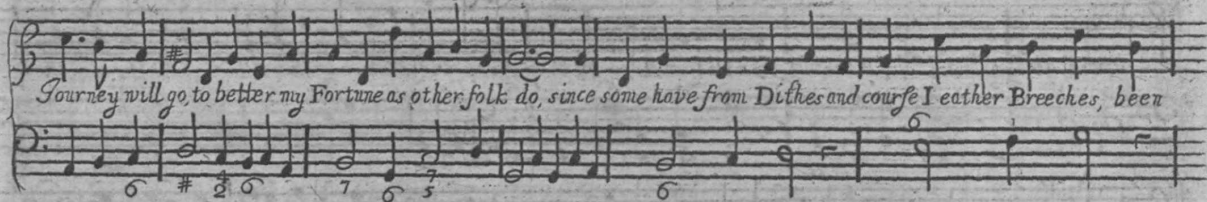
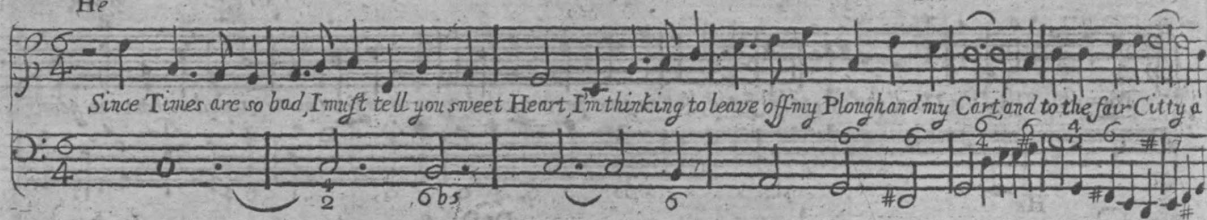


She
all, He no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no kissing at
 Not kiss you at all, not kiss you at all, not at all;
all, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no kissing at all; no, no, no, no,
 not kiss you at all; why no, why no not at all,
 no, I'll not kiss till I kiss you for good and all. *He*
 why no, no, no, no, no kissing at all; Should you give me a
 Score, I would not lessen your store, then bid me, bid me cheerfully, cheerfully kiss and take my
She
 fill, and take my fill my fill of the bliss; I'll not trust you so far I know you too well, should I
 give you an Inch you'd soon you'd soon take an Ell; then Lord like you Rule & Laugh - - then
 Lord like you Rule and Laugh - - at the Fool; no, no, no, no, no, no, no



(57)
A Dialogue in the 2^d Part of Don Quixote Set by M^r. H. Purcell.

He



Many the Devil, the Devil and all's to be found, but no good parts minded, no, no, no, no good parts minded without the good
 He

Pould, Why then I'll take Arms, why then I'll take Arms, I'll take Arms and follow, and follow All our habit Honour that
 She

now a days plaguely Charms, And so lose a limb by a Shot or a Blow, and curse thy self after for leaving for leaving the Plough,
 He She He She He

Suppose I turn Gamester, So Cheat and be Bang'd, What thinkst of the Road then the Highway to be Hang'd Nice Pumping
 She

however yields profit for Life, I'll help some fine Lord to another's fine Wife, That's dangerous too amongst the town Crew
 He She

for some of em will do the same thing by you, and then I to Cuckold ye may be drawn in, faith Collin tis better I
 He She

Sit here and Spin, faith Collin, tis better I sit here and Spin, Will nothing prefer me what thinkst of the Law, Oh
 He She

while you live Collin keep out of that Pan, I'll Cant and I'll Pray, Ah, theres naught got, Ah, there's
 He

naught got that way, there's no one minds now what those Black Cattle Say, Let all our whole care be our
 He

Farming affair, To make our Corn grow, and our Apple Trees Bear,
 He

Am bition, Ambitions a Trade, a trade no Contentment can show, so I'll to my Distaff, Am

Ambition Ambitions a trade no Contentment can show, and I to my Plough,

— bition, Ambitions a Trade, a trade no Contentment can show, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

Ambition, Ambitions a trade no Contentment can show, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

Chorus

Let all our whole care be our Farming affair, to make our Corn grow, and our Apple Trees Bear, Am

Let all our whole care be our Farming affair, to make our Corn grow, and our Apple Trees Bear,

— bition, Ambitions a Trade, a Trade no Contentment can show, so I'll to my Distaff, Am

Ambition, Ambitions a Trade no Contentment can show, and I to my Plough,

— bition, Ambitions a Trade, a trade no Contentment can Show, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

Ambition, Ambitions a trade no Contentment can Show, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

A Dialogue in the Prophetess Set by M^r Hen: Purcell

Tell me why, tell me why my char - - ming fair, tell me why, tell me
why you thus deny me: can despair, can despair, or these Sighs & looks of care,
make Corinna ever fl - - y me, ever fly me, tell me why
tell me why my char - - ming fair, tell me why you thus deny me: Oh Mirtill - - lo
you're above me, I respect but dare not love ye, She who hears inclines to Sin, who parlies
half gives up the town, & ravenous love soon enters, in when once the out works
beaten down: then my Sighs & tears won't move ye, no, no, no, no, no Mirtillo
you're above me, I respect but dare not love ye: no, no, no, no, no Mirtillo
you're above me, I respect but dare not love ye, I respect but dare not

love ye: Could this lovely charming Maid think Mir = tillo word deceive her, could Co =

= rinna be afraid, She by him should be betray'd, no, no, no, no, too well too well I love her,

therefore cannot be above her, oh, oh, oh, oh, let love nth love be paid: my heart my

life, my heart my life, my all I give her, let me now, now, now, let me now, now, now, ah

now, now, now receive her. Oh how gladly we beleive, when the heart is too, too, willing, can I

look that face deceive, can he take delight in killing; ah I dye, ah I dye, I

dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, yet I will, I will beleive ye, ah I

dye, ah I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, yet, yet I will, I

will, yet, yet I will, I will beleive ye.

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CHORUS

Oh how gladly we beleive, when the heart is too, too willing: can that

look that face deceive, can he take delight in killing: ah I dye, ah I

dye, I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, yet I will, I will beleive ye

ah I dye, ah I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, yet,
ah I dye, I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I

yet I will, I will, yet, yet I will, I will beleive ye.
will, yet, yet I will, I will, yet I will, I will beleive ye.